

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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SHAM FIGHTING



REAL WARFARE.



WAR! SHAM AND REAL.

Queen's Birthday Celebrations in Two Aspects.

BY COLONEL MACKENZIE.

The front page has done its little best to give us a picture of sham-fighting and real war. If killing armies are a possible necessity in the future, there is no doubt that some sham-fighting is a wise exercise to prepare for the real. Until the happy day arrives, when arbitration

(Continued on fourth page.)

A DANCING RELIGION

Honor Roll

LET HER THAT BEAETH UNDERSTAND

The World

Nothing has struck me so much lately as the fact that there are scores of individuals who have, or appear to have, very little to do; salvation soldiers, and, alas! officers.

have noticed this, the passage of Scripture—
"Redeem the time," has flashed to
conscience, and I must at any rate deliver
my soul.

What a sin it is for God's people to waste
their time when there is so much to be
done! I visit town after town, and village
after village, and find the people in a
backward condition.

This is distressing and bad enough, what is still worse is the appalling, a fact that there is no little of that real positive interest in the kingdom of God which is waiting for an order from the Captain, a request from the D. O., a command from the Commandant, but done and burning with a Christ-passion zeal and energy and compassion and a task on every soul it comes near, and may, make one, where none appears, every time and place does its level best to extend the kingdom of God and

the Moments are wasted, hours are spent, and in some cases whole days are allowed to flit away and very little is done, un-

There are times, I know, when it is impossible to visit from house to house or sell WAR CHYNS on the street; at that rate, there have been times in Man-

have, for the time being, made them the impracticable, and the only safe place any human being was inside as was the house as you could strike; but where were the people who, under such circumstances, would have been able to stand up, to pray and plead, and wrestle and wait, and agonize and prevail with God for the pouring of the flood-tide of His Spirit upon their own souls and their friends? Where were the effectual, the earnest, the receptive, the science and hardened heart, if any of us and soldier did the like of this instead of wasting their time? Methinks I encountered the faithful, the congregation of which was a spiritual army, of men and women, who were faithful for the "redemptive time," are now baptized with fire, and consequently are all aglow; testimonies

point and power would roll out of the prayers which

Would Lift Men to God

and bring God to men would be poured forth in faith that would change darkness into light, doubt into confidence, difficulty into triumph, despair into hope, and defeat into triumph. would be manifested.

How many hours are spent in boisterous laughter and nonsense! How few are spent in the reading and study of the

weapon which may be made mighty in the pulling down of the strongholds of the devil, and the pulling up of the things which should have very little interest in the market, the theatre, and the dance, and raise discussing with some worldling, and find the fact and state of these things, and allowing them to be discussed in the present, when by a timely effort on our part they may be directing their attention to a heaven of light, a hall of woe, a Cavern of love, world of sin, a desert of justice, or a present revelation of the Christ.

A wonderful story comes from the Prince Edward Island. Mr. N. H. H. Esnau Archibald, a grandfather—

—has a family of 108 grandsons, although he does not look over a dozen years, he is neither decrepit or bed-ridden, moreover, he never had a doctor's attention in his life. He has seven boys and twelve daughters, all of whom are well and leader in a Methodist church. His wife

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Salvation Songs.

A Great Captain.

1 Come, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay,
A free, full salvation is offered to-day;
Arise, all ye bond-slaves, awake from your
dreams;
Believe, and the light and the glory shall
stream.

CHORUS.

For the conquering Saviour shall break
every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.
The world will oppose you, and Satan will
sneer,
To hinder your coming they both will
engage;
But Jesus, your Saviour, has conquered for
us,
And He will assist you to conquer them
too.

Though tough be the fighting, and troubles
arise,
There are mansions of glory prepared in
the skies;
A crown and a kingdom you shortly shall
view,
The laurels of victory are waiting for you.
When death's shady valley Christ calls you
to tread,
A halo of glory around you He'll shed;
His presence shall cheer you as faintly you
pray,
And angels to glory shall bear you away.

None Refused.

2 Whosoever heareth, shout, about the
sound;
Send the blessed tidings all the world
around.
Spread the joyful news wherever man is
found.

Whosoever will may come.
Whosoever will, whosoever will,
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer
home,
Whosoever will may come.

Whosoever cometh, need not delay;
Now the door is open, enter while you
may.
Jesus is the true, the only living way,
Whosoever will may come.

Whosoever will, the promise is secure;
Whosoever will, forever shall endure;
Whosoever will, life for evermore;
Whosoever will may come.

Come Back.

3 Return, oh, wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Thou'st seen desires which in you burn
Were kindled by His grace.

CHORUS.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

Return, oh, wanderer, return!
He hears your humble sigh;
He sees your saddest spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

Return, oh, wanderer, return!
Your Father bids you live;
Come to His cross and you will learn
How freely He'll forgive.

A Good Craft.

4 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

Millions now are sadly landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

Come on board, and ship for glory;
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's waiting anchor,
You will soon be fast behind.

You have kindred over yonder
On that bright and happy shore;
By-and-bye we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.

Salute!

Western Province.

THE COMMANDANT

INSPECT THE SALVATION FORCES

North-West and British Columbia.

— THE COMMANDANT WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY —

BRICADIER AND MRS. MARCETTS

— AND —

Ensign Smeeton.

WINNIPEG,	Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon.,	June 15, 16, 17, 18, 19
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE	Tuesday	June 20
CARBERRY	Wednesday	June 21
NEEPAWA	Thursday	June 22
RAPID CITY	Friday	June 23
BRANDON	Saturday and Sunday	June 24, 25
REGINA	Tuesday	June 27
CALGARY	Wednesday and Thursday	June 28, 29
VANCOUVER	Saturday, Sunday and Monday	July 1, 2, 3
NEW WESTMINSTER,	Tuesday and Wednesday	July 5, 6
NANAIMO	Thursday and Friday	July 6, 7
VICTORIA	Saturday, Sunday and Monday	July 8, 9, 10

FURTHER PARTICULARS LATER.

A Big Saviour for Big Sinners.

5 Jesus, my King, high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before Thee fall,
And devils fear and fly.

CHORUS.

We have no other argument,
We want no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me.

Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
He senters all their guilty fear;
He turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He
speaks,
And life into the dead.

O, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gaze His name;
Praise Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

An Old Timer.

6 Shout aloud, salvation boys, we'll have
another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the
world along,
Sing it as our comrades sang it many a
million strong.

As they were marching to glory.

CHORUS.

March on, march on, we bring the jubilee!
Fight on, fight on, salvation makes us free!
We'll shout our Saviour's praises over every
land and sea,
As we go marching to glory.

How the anxious wait it when they hear
the joyful sound!

How the weakest conquer when the Saviour
they have found!

How our grand battalion seems to spring
out of the ground.

As we go marching to glory.

"Oh, they're hopeless nobodies," our
enemies made boast,

They forgot that with us comes the Almighty
Holy Ghost,

And unseen battalions of the glorious
heavenly host.

As we go marching to glory.

So we'll make a thoroughfare for Jesus and
His train,

All the world shall hear us as fresh converts
we gain;

Sin shall fly before us, for resistance is in
vain.

As we go marching to glory.

Inspection.

7 Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My struggles and wrestlings be o'er.

My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearless and sinning no more!

Now search me and try me, oh Lord,
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry;
See, sinless I cling to Thy Word,
My soul to my Saviour draw nigh.

My idols I cut at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, Who give;

This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save!

Oh, Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy blood for my cleansing I see;
And, hushed in faith, I receive
Salvation, full, present, and free.

Oh, Lord, I shall now comprehend
Thy mercy, so high and so deep;
And long shall my praises ascend,
For Thou art almighty to keep.

WE COME!

A Big Reception

WILL BE GIVEN TO

BRIG. and MRS. DARRITT

(late of South America),

— AND —

Ensign Jones

ON MONDAY, MAY 29th.

— AT —

Lippincott Street Barracks.

COMMANDANT AND

MRS. BOOTH

Will conduct the meeting, assisted by
Headquarters' Staff and City
Corps.

DIVINE TELEGRAPHY.

This afternoon, as I am on my knee
before God, my heart goes out for men of
His Spirit, that Spirit that will enable us
to sweep over men and women that are in
sin, and then I view my own heart and
as I am thought to be, not what the world
may think I am, but just as I stand in the
sight of God, I look at myself. Oh, my
God! I am one of those, more of that spirit
that led Thee to the garden of Gethsemane,
that spirit of love that took Thee to Cal-
vary. Ah, I stop and pause a moment.
I have lost how many blessings I have
missed, all for want of being careful in the
little things.

Take my poor heart and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee.

Still, I cannot help weeping, when I see
how unfaithful I have been, not in big
things, but in the little things—things that
look too small to notice, looking at it with
a natural eye; yet how many victories I
have lost how many blessings I have
missed, all for want of being careful in the
little things.

My health being so very poor, I have not
had the privilege of working for God as I
would like to have done. Being away
from the fight I love so much, I grew
weary, not willfully, but by neglecting little
secret things. When my health would be
weak, and when I would desire to go
where no one would hear me and read my
Bible—that Book of Books—and reap the
fruit of God, then the devil would whisper in
my ear and say,

"You are too Weak to Pray and Weep."

God don't require you to tire yourself out
when you are so weak and tired in body,
and very often I would listen to his advice;
but what was the result? I lost that great
privilege of working for God as I would
like to have done. I would rather sit and
talk, or have some innocent fun, as I used
to call it, when I might have been getting
stronghold to soul and body. Then I
would feel sorry, and say, God to forgive
me for fooling, instead of spending my
time with Him and for His glory. But I

One morning I got up a little earlier than
the rest, and while alone with God I took
my Testament and went down before Him.
The Lord broke me up. After tears were
gone some time I rose again and gloried in
God. He showed me the need of God to
give me the victory, but by asking Him
for forgiveness for my past unfaithfulness,
in the future obeying His voice, and spend-
ing my time for His glory, and promising
His Kingdom; and the only way I can live
a pure and spotless life was to obey His
commandments, and if I do this, which I am
endeavouring to do every day, and love
my neighbor as myself, I shall be a con-
queror till I reach the perfect state.

My experience this afternoon is,
the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses
my heart from all sin, and keeps me clean
from all unrighteousness.

Now, my dear reader, if you have grown
cold, come back to God.

LESLIE M. McALISTER.